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© WESTERN HERO

A Fawcett Publication

AUG. NO. 93



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10¢

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TRIPLE T-T-T !**



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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines
contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr. President



WESTERN HERO

At the Triple T Ranch, in Black Crow Corners...

I'M WORRIED ABOUT THAT GANG OF CATTLE RUSTLERS WHO'VE BEEN OPERATING IN THESE PARTS LATELY, HUTCH! I'M GOING TO RIDE INTO TOWN AND ASK THE SHERIFF IF HE HAS ANY NEWS ABOUT THEM!

ALL
RIGHT,
MISTER
BLAIR!

I COULD TELL YUH NEWS ABOUT THOSE RUSTLERS, BLAIR! YORE TRUSTY FOREMAN, HUTCH, IS THE LEADER OF THAT GANG! THEY'RE WAITING IN OUR SECRET HIDE-OUT IN THE HILLS FER ME TO TELL THEM WHAR TO STRIKE NEXT!



WE'VE CLEARED OUT ALL THE OTHER BIG CATTLE RANCHES AND NOW IT'S TIME TO RUSTLE THE BIGGEST OF THEM ALL, THE TRIPLE T RIGHT HYAR!



Later, in the rustler's secret hide-out in the hills...

IT'S THE TRIPLE T TONIGHT, MEN! IT'S GOING TO BE THE EASIEST JOB OF ALL, THANKS TO MY BEING THE FOREMAN THAR!



BLAIR'S A BIG COFFEE DRINKER! WAL, TONIGHT I'M GOING TO SLIP SOME KNOCKOUT DROPS IN HIS JAVA! BY THE TIME HE WAKES UP, HIS CATTLE WILL BE GONE AND SO WILL WE-- ACROSS THE BORDER!

WHAT ABOUT ALL THE HIRED HANDS!



I RECKON I'LL JEST FLAVOR THEIR COFFEE WITH SOME KNOCKOUT DROPS, TOO! NINE O'CLOCK'S THE HOUR! NOW I'D BETTER GET BACK!



Meanwhile, in town...

THOSE THIEVING VARMINTS ARE STILL AT LARGE! WHY, THAR'S BILL BOYD, MY OLD FRIEND!



WESTERN HERO



WESTERN HERO



WESTERN HERO

Later, at the Doctor's office in town...

MISTER BLAIR MUST BE SENT TO THE COUNTY HOSPITAL IMMEDIATELY FOR AN OPERATION!

NO, NO! I CAN'T GO! I'VE GOT TO WATCH MY RANCH! THOSE RUSTLERS MIGHT TRY TO STEAL MY CATTLE AGAIN!

DON'T WORRY! I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOUR RANCH WHILE YOU'RE GONE! YOU'RE GOING TO THE HOSPITAL AND GET WELL!

SO BOYD'S GOING TO STAY ON! WAL, HE WON'T STOP US FROM GETTING BLAIR'S CATTLE! I'VE GOT A PLAN ALL FIGGERED OUT!



Early the following day...

I COULDN'T WARN YOU IN TIME THAT THEY DIDN'T TAKE THE KNOCK-OUT DROPS! BUT DON'T WORRY! THE HANDS ARE ALL SO SICK FROM THE DRUG, THEY CAN'T GIT OUT OF THEIR BEDS! BLAIR'S ON HIS WAY TO THE HOSPITAL AND I KNOW HOW WE CAN STEAL HIS CATTLE AND THROW THE BLAME ON BOYD!

YUH MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO FRAME BOYD!

THAT'S RIGHT! AND WE'RE GOING TO PULL THE JOB TODAY! NOW HYAR'S MY PLAN --



A few hours later...

I'VE GOT TO RIDE OVER TO THE NEXT TOWN, BOYD, AND VISIT MY SICK AUNT!

MUST YOU GO TODAY, HUTCH? ALL THE HANDS ARE SICK AND THOSE RUSTLERS MIGHT COME BACK!



ALL YUH HAVE TO DO IS FIRE A FEW SHOTS AND THEY'LL GO RUNNING! THEY VAMOOSE IN A HURRY WHEN SOMEONE IS AROUND! BUT MAKE SHORE YO'RE HYAR ALL THE TIME TILL I RETURN!

I'LL BE HERE, HUTCH!



Shortly after...

THAT'S A STRANGE WAY FOR A FOREMAN TO ACT--RUSHING OFF AND LEAVING ME HERE ALONE! BUT I RECKON HUTCH FIGURED THE RUSTLERS WOULDN'T DARE COME BACK THE DAY AFTER THEIR OTHER ATTACK FAILED! SAY, WHO ARE THOSE STRANGERS?



WESTERN HERO

YUH CAN TAKE YORE
HAND AWAY FROM
YORE GUN, PARDNER!
WE'RE NOT OUTLAWS!
WE'RE CATTLEMEN!

WE SEE YOU'VE GOT
A BIG CATTLE
SPREAD HYAR!
ARE YUH
INTERESTED
IN BUYING SOME
OF OUR STEERS?

MAYBE THESE TWO MEN ARE
FROM THE GANG OF RUSTLERS AND
ARE TRYING TO UNLOAD SOME OF
THE CATTLE THEY'VE STOLEN! I'M
GOING TO PLAY ALONG! PERHAPS
THEY'LL LEAD ME TO THE
WHOLE CREW!

YES, I'M
INTERESTED
IN BUYING!
WHERE CAN
I SEE YOUR
STOCK?

AT OUR RANCH, THE
BROKEN WHEEL, JEST
OUTSIDE OF TOWN!
IT WON'T TAKE LONG
TO GO AND HAVE
A LOOK!



WESTERN HERO



WESTERN HERO

The villainous Hutch takes Bill to the Sheriff's Office in town...

THAR'S NO DOUBT ABOUT BOYD BEING GUILTY, SHERIFF! THAR'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO AND THAT'S TO LOCK HIM UP FOR RUSTLING MY POOR BOSS' CATTLE!

MAYBE BOYD TOLD THAR LIE AS AN EXCUSE FOR LEAVING THE RANCH UNGUARDED! ARE YUH SHORE HE'S A RUSTLER?

I'M POSITIVE! AS MISTER BLAIR'S FOREMAN, I INSIST THAT YUH LOCK HIM UP!



ALL RIGHT, HUTCH! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, BOYD!

GOOD! I RECKON THAR WON'T BE ANY MORE RUSTLING ROUND HYAR NOW! WAL, I'LL GET BACK TO THE RANCH!

DON'T WORRY, BOYD. I'M NOT GOING TO LOCK YUH UP. I KNOW YORE REPUTATION AND I DON'T BELIEVE YO'RE GUILTY!

THANKS, SHERIFF!



I'M SUSPICIOUS OF HUTCH! IT STRIKES ME HE WAS TOO ANXIOUS TO HAVE YOU JAILED!

YES, THERE'S ONLY ONE REASON WHY HE'D TRY SO HARD TO MAKE IT APPEAR AS IF I STOLE THE CATTLE, AND THAT'S IF HE DID IT HIMSELF! I'M ALMOST POSITIVE NOW THAT HE'S THE HEAD OF THE GANG OF RUSTLERS!



WESTERN HERO

A short while later...

HUTCH IS RIDING BACK TO THE TRIPLE T!

IF HE'S REALLY THE RUSTLER, HE WOULDN'T BOTHER GOING THERE NOW! HE'D HEAD FOR HIS GANG AND LEAVE IT WITH ALL THE STOLEN CATTLE!

MAYBE WE'RE WRONG ABOUT HIM!

IF WE ARE, WE'VE GIVEN THE REAL RUSTLERS MORE TIME TO ESCAPE!

LOOK! HUTCH ISN'T STOPPING! HE'S RIDING ON! I RECKON WE WERE RIGHT ABOUT HIM AFTER ALL!

LET'S KEEP AFTER HIM!

HE'S HEADING FOR THE HILLS! THAT MUST BE WHERE HIS GANG IS HIDING OUT! IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT, THEY'RE JUST WAITING TILL HE SHOWS UP TO BEAT IT OUT OF THE TERRITORY!

IF YOU'RE RIGHT, WE'LL HAVE A BATTLE ON OUR HANDS!

Shortly after...

I'VE GOT GOOD NEWS! EVERYTHING WORKED OUT JUST LIKE I FIGGERED! BOYD'S BEHIND BARS NOW! I CONVINCED THE SHERIFF HE RUSTLED BLAIR'S CATTLE! IT WAS EASY AFTER I TOLD HIM THAT BOYD MADE UP A PHONY STORY ABOUT GOING TO THE BROKEN WHEEL!

THAT SHORE WAS A GOOD IDEA OF YORES, HUTCH, SENDING US TO BOYD AS CATTLE DEALERS! YUH KNEW HE'D BE SUSPICIOUS AND COME WITH US TO SEE IF HE COULD CATCH THE WHOLE GANG!

SHORE, AND WHILE HE FOLLOWED YOU, THE REST OF THE GANG AND AYSELF CLEANED OUT THE CATTLE AT THE TRIPLE T!

WAL, WE'VE GOT ALL THE CATTLE WE WANT FROM THESE HYAR PARTS! LET'S GIT OUT OF HYAR!

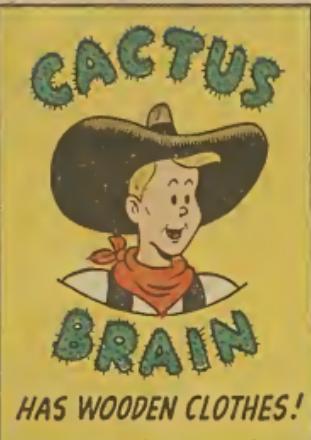
NOBODY'LL BE LOOKING FER US, NOW THAT THEY OPINE BOYD IS THE RUSTLER AND HE IS IN JAIL!



The desperadoes soon learn, the hard way, that they're no match for the sharp-shooting Bill Boyd!



FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF BILL BOYD IN HIS OWN MAGAZINE **BILL BOYD WESTERN** AND IN **WESTERN HERO** EVERY MONTH!



PERIL HERD

A "Border Patrol" Yarn

By Dick Kraus

THE night was black along the river's edge without the faintest trace of a moon. A few stars glimmered overhead, but with their pale glow, Slim Carson was barely able to make out the face of the man who crouched opposite him. It was his friend, Captain Eladio Gomez, of the Mexican police.

The Mexican policeman's face was troubled, and his voice murmured low. "I tell you, Slim," he said, "the ranchers on the other side of the Rio have been losing cattle—too many cattle—to these night raiders!"

"Let's get it straight," Slim Carson frowned, his slender hands hooked into his gun belt: "You say that rustlers have been attacking the herds on your side of the river and driving the stolen cattle across the Rio Grande to the United States?"

Captain Gomez nodded. "That is it!" he said. "They make their play on the night of the month when there is no moon—no light to follow them by. They strike fast and always at a different place—at one of the ranchos across the Rio. The caballeros follow them, but in vain. They cross the border and escape with our fine beef! That is why I have come to you, because I know that since your father was killed by border bandits, you have spent your days in pursuing them . . . in punishing them."

"That's right," nodded Slim Carson thoughtfully. "And you feel tonight is one of the nights when the rustlers will probably operate, eh?"

"Si!" agreed Eladio Gomez. "That is why I asked you to meet me."

Suddenly both men straightened and sprang to their feet. There was the sound of gunfire. Slim Carson's hand circled the worn butt of his father's Colt, but, before he could move, the Mexican officer had lunged forward.

"Follow me!" he husked. "It sounds like trouble . . . the kind of trouble we were expecting."

Running along the river's edge, they rounded a bend. And there, barely perceptible in the moonlight, they could see the glossy backs of Mexican cattle crossing the river, and the shadowy forms of riders urging them on.

"Let's get them!" Slim Carson grunted.

Whipping his Colt up, he fired quickly. There was a surprise gasp of pain from one of the mounted rustlers and an angry volley of revolver fire in return. "Take cover, Eladio!" Slim muttered. "They're too many for us!"

Hurling themselves to the ground behind a nearby boulder, Slim and Captain Gomez continued to fling lead at the elusive outlaws. But, as several of the rustlers remained behind to hold them off, the stolen cattle vanished into the night! And then, with a sudden whoop, the rustlers spurred their horses and wheeled into the shadows themselves. In a moment, there was no sight or sound of them!

"There they go," muttered Gomez! "As always . . . and it is impossible to find them in the black of night!"

"But haven't you got any idea about how we can trace them?" asked the young man. "They can't just disappear. Where do they sell the cattle?"

Captain Gomez nodded. "You are wise, my young friend. I have been thinking. With those Mexican brands, they cannot sell the cattle here in the United States. They must be working with American ranchers. They must be changing the brands and selling the cattle here as part of American herds! That is what I think!"

"You might be right," said Slim. "In that case, let's call a meeting of all the ranchers along this section of the river. And . . ." he paused suddenly and snapped his fingers. "I've an idea that may help us get at the truth! We'll send a message to all the ranchers to meet us in town . . . and then I want to pay a visit to the weekly newspaper office! They may be able to help me!"

Three hours later, the ranchers gathered in the town of Deep Gully. One by one they had ridden in, accompanied by their top riders. There was Jeff Morgan of the Lazy J, Jim Spears of the Flying U, Deke Martin of the Circle M, and several other lesser ranchers. Faces puzzled, they filed into the Grange Hall, where the meeting was being held.

"We got your message, Slim," Jim Spears said. "What's it all about?"

The youthful lawman looked about at the

ranchers—at Spears, at Deke Martin, at white-haired old Morgan. "It's like this," he said. "Captain Gomez here has been troubled by a bunch of rustlers who have been raiding Mexican herds across the river, then driving the cattle over here, and getting rid of them somehow!"

The cowmen settled themselves in their chairs, watching him and listening. Lips grew tighter. Eyes slitted.

"Tonight there was a new raid!" Slim Carson said. "The outlaws got away with a couple of hundred head of cattle. Somehow, they're disposing of the steers on this side of the river . . . maybe with the help of some of the American ranchers!"

"Bah!" husked big Deke Martin. "That's an insult to all of us. I'm not going to listen to—"

"Wait!" shouted Slim Carson.

He threw a hand up. "Listen to this. Those Mexican cattle that were stolen tonight were dangerous. They had hoof and mouth disease—so bad they were going to be slaughtered and burned." He whipped a torn newspaper clipping from his pocket. It read, *Mexican Herds Swept by Hoof and Mouth Disease!*

Slim's gaze swept the assembled ranchers. "Now do you see what I mean? If those cattle get loose among our beef—the disease is highly contagious—our herds will all be ruined!"

"There was an excited hubbub among the ranchers. Slim could hear them discussing the news, could hear phrases like—"Young Carson's right! We'd better nab those steers afore all our herds come down with the disease!"

Suddenly, then, Deke Martin stood up! "It don't worry me!" he said. "C'mon, Clem," he nodded to his foreman. "Let's get back to the ranch. We'll get some sleep, while these birds here jaw all night!"

As the broad-shouldered Martin elbowed his way out of the hall into the night, Slim watched him. And, by his side, he saw that Eladio Gomez had his dark eyes riveted on the rancher too. Softly Slim whispered, "I think that's our man . . ."

It was an hour later. As quickly as they could, Slim and Gomez had left the Grange Hall. Mounting, the boy and the Mexican lawman had taken the twisting trail to the Circle M ranch.

Riding carefully, they had followed Deke Martin and his foreman—not to the home ranch, but farther up in the hills—to a narrow entrance to an arroyo. There Slim Carson and Captain Gomez dismounted. Creeping forward

around the bend, they saw the orange glow of a half-hidden campfire. There was the deep lowing of a herd of cattle past the fire. The two lawmen could see several men reflected in its light.

They crept closer. Suddenly, they could hear the excited voice of Deke Martin.

"Clint, you blamed idiot! And you, Miguel! I ought to shoot the lot of you! Bringing in cattle with hoof and mouth disease! What if the rest of our steers caught it? We'd be ruined. We got to get rid of these blamed beevies!"

There was a protest from one of the other men. "But Deke, you're all wrong! There's not a thing wrong with these steers. They're as healthy as you and me!"

A voice cut thin and sharp across the night to the group about the fire. It was the voice of the young border patrolman, Slim Carson.

"He's right, Martin!" he said. "There's not a thing wrong with those cattle—just that they're stolen. A crime that you and your rannies are going to pay for . . . pronto!"

"Carson!"

Deke Martin whirled, his face distorted with fury in the red firelight. "You followed us here! You tricked us into showing our hand!" His gun arm flashed down and came up with the fingers gripping a heavy .45! "Blast them, boys! Finish them off!"

At Martin's draw, Slim Carson flung himself to the side and whipped out his Colt. Guns roared through the night! Suddenly, three men, with hands high came forward. As Slim walked tightly forward to take Martin's gun, the Mexican policeman kept the outlaws covered.

YOUNG CARSON shoved the .45 in his own gun belt, and there was a last angry question on Martin's lips. "I—I don't get it," he said. "How come that story about the hoof and mouth disease? And how about that newspaper clipping? You didn't fake that!"

"No," Slim Carson agreed. "I didn't fake that! The Mexican cattle had hoof and mouth disease . . . but it was fifteen years ago. I got the clipping from back files in the newspaper office to throw a scare into whoever was behind the rustlers."

He grinned momentarily. "Today," he said, "they're as healthy as you or me . . . except that you may not be healthy very long!"

THE END

SLIM CARSON battles on the side of law and order in every issue of **WESTERN HERO**.

L I ' L B U C K

FINGERNAIL BITER!



RED SWIFT

Leaps for Life!

RED —
HE'S GOING OVER
THE FALLS!

WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM —
THOSE ROCKS—THAT'S THE ANSWER

HELP!

I'LL JUMP FOR IT! C'MON YOU BALL-BANDS
LET'S SEE THAT SPRING OF YOURS

WOW! — MUST BE
20 FEET ACROSS

A HITCH-KICK'LL
DO IT!

BOY!
LOOK AT
HIM GO!

OH! YOU BALL-BANDS
I REALLY NEED THAT
GEAR-GRIP NOW!

HELP!
I'M GOING UNDER!

TAKE IT EASY
I'VE GOTCHA!



LOOK FOR THE **RED BALL**
... AND LEARN THIS TRICK

THAT'S THE SECRET, FELLAS. LOOK FOR THE SPORT SHOES WITH THE RED BALL ON THE SOLE—FOR SPECIAL ARCH-GARD* SUPPORT—FOR REAL GOOD SPRING AND STAMINA—FOR PLENTY OF GRIP. PERFECT FOR THIS EXTRA-DISTANCE JUMPING TRICK. INSTEAD OF HOLDING FEET OUT IN FRONT KEEP SCISSORS-KICKING AS YOU FLY ALONG

TRADE
MARK

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
1938

BALL-BAND

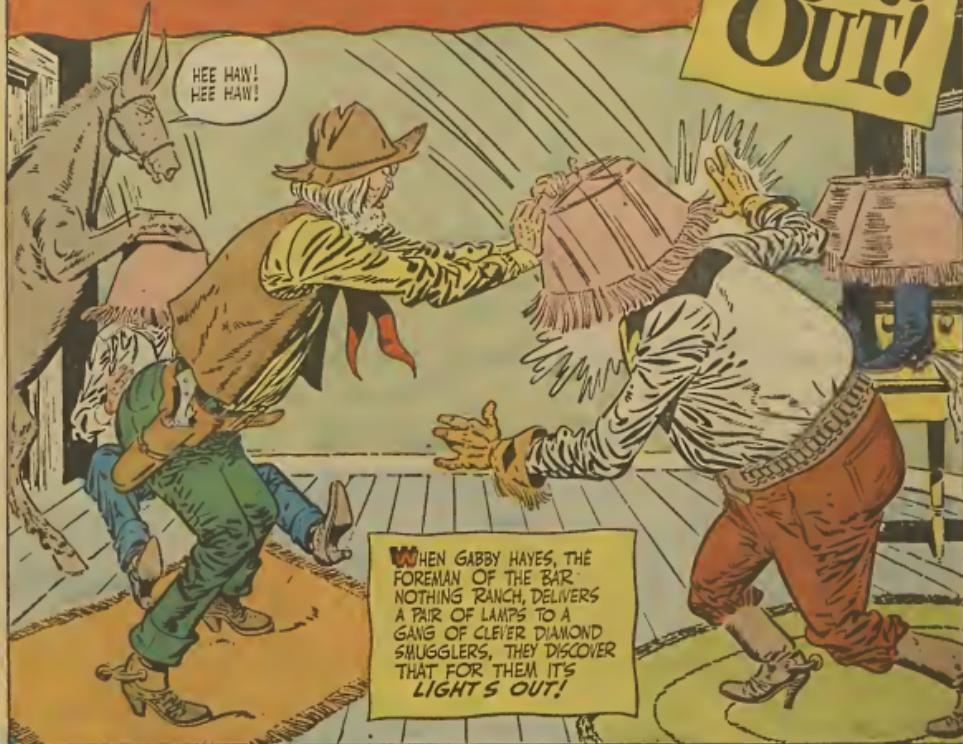
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- 1 GUARDS YOUR LONGITUDINAL ARCH FOR WALKING AND JUMPING.
- 2 CUSHIONS HEEL, LESSING SHOCK OF RUNNING.
- 3 GUARDS YOUR METATARSAL ARCH FOR GREATER COMFORT AT THE FRONT



GABBY HAYES in *Lights OUT!*



WHEN GABBY HAYES, THE FOREMAN OF THE BAR NOTHING RANCH, DELIVERS A PAIR OF LAMPS TO A GANG OF CLEVER DIAMOND SMUGGLERS, THEY DISCOVER THAT FOR THEM IT'S LIGHTS OUT!

ONE DAY, IN THE TOWN OF RAWHIDE...

ROUND UP A POSSE, SLIM! THERE'S A GANG OF DIAMOND SMUGGLERS THAT MUST BE APPREHENDED! SEARCH EVERYBODY AND EVERYTHING, EVEN DOWN TO THEIR HORSES' SHOES!

YES, MARSHAL!

RIDE OVER TO TACOS AND WARN BULL LACUR NOT TO SEND ME THOSE BURROS, SCHMELL!

OKAY, SPIKE HEALS!

HEY, MR. HEALS, I NEED MEN FOR MY POSSE!

ALWAYS GLAD TO HELP THE LAW, SHERIFF! OUCH! MY ANKLE! I SPRAINED IT!



WESTERN HERO



WESTERN HERO



WESTERN HERO









MONTE HALE

in
WANTED
FOR
MURDER

WE'RE COMING
TO GET YOU,
MONTE!

THEN YOU'D BETTER COME
FIGHTING! I DON'T AIM TO
GET LYNCHED FOR A MURDER
I DIDN'T COMMIT!



WHAT'S THIS? THE GREAT MONTE
HALE UNCONSCIOUS? BUT WAIT, HE IS
JUST COMING TO...



WHAT HAPPENED?
I REMEMBER COMING
HERE TO SEE SAM FREEMAN
AND THEN HOLY
SASSAFRAS!



WESTERN HERO

IT'S SAM FREEMAN--- AND HE'S DEAD! SOMEONE SHOT HIM! WHO'D WANT TO KILL AN OLD MAN WHO COULDN'T EVEN MOVE FROM HIS WHEEL CHAIR?



SAM WAS SHOT WITH MY GUN! THERE'S ONE CARTRIDGE MISSING--- AND I CAN STILL SMELL THE CORDITE!



I RECKON THE SET-UP'S CLEAR! SOMEONE'S TRYING TO MAKE IT APPEAR THAT I BUSHWHACKED POOR OLD SAM FREEMAN!

WHAT'S THIS NOTE?



SAM FREEMAN ACCUSES ME OF BEING THE KILLER. HMM! THEY'RE SURE TRYING TO KNOT THE NOOSE AROUND MY NECK.



THAT'S THE SHERIFF! I CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE HIM FIND ME HERE WITH THE WAY THINGS LOOK!



HOLD ON, MISTER! WHERE DO YOU THINK YO'RE HEADING?





WESTERN HERO

PROVE HIS INNOCENCE,
WILL HE? WE'LL JEST
SEE ABOUT THAT! THAR'S
A SWIFTER KIND OF
JUSTICE FER HOMBRES
LIKE HIM!



WHEN THE SHERIFF AND MONTE
HALE ARRIVE AT THE JAILHOUSE...

WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE,
AD DEVLIN?



DON'T GET YORESELVES RILED
UP, BOYS! IF THIS HERE HOMBRE
IS A KILLER, HE'LL GIT WHAT'S
COMING TO HIM! BUT I WON'T
STAND FER ANY LYNNCHING
PARTY!



STAY BACK! I'LL SHOOT
THE FIRST MAN WHO TAKES
A STEP TOWARD US!

THE SHERIFF'S
BLUFFING! LET'S
GET THAT
MURDERING
COYOTE!



IF YOU AIM TO LYNCH
MY PRISONER,
YOU'LL HAVE
TO KILL ME,
TOO!



I RECKON THE SHERIFF WON'T
MIND IF I LEND HIM A HELPING
HAND! AFTER ALL, IT'S MY
NECK THEY'RE TRYING
TO STRETCH!



WESTERN HERO



WESTERN HERO



WESTERN HERO

IF MONTE HALE GOES ON THAT STAND TOMORROW, HE'LL TELL HOW SAM FREEMAN WROTE HIM BECAUSE HIS CATTLE WERE BEING RUSTLED! SAM OPINED IT WAS HIS OWN HANDS DOING THE RUSTLING, BUT HE COULDN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT WHILE HE WAS BOUND TO THAT WHEEL CHAIR!



THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I'LL TELL, DEVLIN! ONLY I'LL ADD THAT YOU'RE THE HOMBRE WHO HEADED THE RUSTLERS!



IN PERSON! AND I DIDN'T EVEN TOTE MY GUN!



I DON'T NEED A GUN TO HANDLE COYOTES LIKE YOU!



I RECKON IT WON'T TAKE LONG TO GET A FULL CONFESSION OUT OF YOU! YOU'LL NEED THE SHERIFF AND ME TO SAVE YOU FROM A LYNCH MOB!

I-I'LL T-TALK! ONLY PROMISE ME I'LL GET A FAIR TRIAL!



LATER, WITH AD DEVLIN AND HIS RANNIES SAFELY IN THE HANDS OF THE LAW

AD DEVLIN SLUGGED YOU, AND SHOT FREEMAN WITH YORE GUN! THEN HE WROTE THAT NOTE ACCUSING YOU OF THE MURDER!

THAT'S RIGHT, SHERIFF! BUT I STILL HAD SAM'S LETTER TO ME, ASKING FOR HELP! I COULD HAVE PROVED IT WAS A DIFFERENT HANDWRITING!



I WASN'T AFRAID OF A FAIR TRIAL---BECAUSE I WAS INNOCENT! I RECKON AD DEVLIN WILL HAVE A ROUGHER TIME OF IT!

HE'LL BE KEEPING A DATE WITH THE HANGMAN! YOU CAN BET YORE LAST BEAT-UP SOMBRERO ON THAT!



FOLLOW THE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF MONTE HALE IN MONTE HALE WESTERN AND IN WESTERN HERO EVERY MONTH

JED AND NED



WESTERN HERO



Get this Official "Rocky" Lane Posse Shoulder Patch

only 10¢

WITH ONE LABEL
FROM CARNATION
MALTED MILK

"ROCKY" LANE—Star of *Salt Lake Raiders*.

Don't miss this thrilling new
Republic Pictures production.

Wear it
"sheriff-style" as
shoulder patch



Looks swell on
neckties, scarves
and kerchiefs



Wear it on
shirts, T-shirts
or play suits



Actual Size—Actual Colors

Amazing New Kind of Patch

Applied in seconds to any light colored garment by magic new hot iron method. Apply directly on garment without sewing. Or iron it on piece of cloth and have mother sew it to your clothes,

"IT'S A BEAUTY," SAYS "ROCKY"!

"It tells at a glance you're a pal of mine. Make your friends envious. Be the first in your gang to wear my official Posse Shoulder Patch. And say, pardner, we hard ridin' posse members got to have plenty

of energy. So fuel up regularly with my favorite... Carnation Malted Milk. Make 'em right at home—easily, quickly, often. Tell Mom to get Carnation Malted Milk at her grocer's today. And send for my official "Rocky" Lane Posse Shoulder Patch right away."

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withstand at least
10 to 15 washings



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for your caps
and hats



Perfect on
light colored
dresses,
blouses
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2 FLAVORS • Chocolate and Natural in thrifty 1-lb. jars

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

Carnation Malted Milk

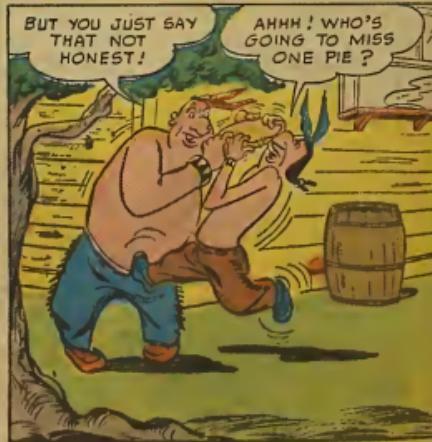
BOX 1030, HOLLYWOOD 28, CALIFORNIA

Please send me _____ official "Rocky" Lane Posse Shoulder Patch(es). (IMPORTANT—BE SURE TO ORDER ENOUGH PATCHES FOR SEVERAL GARMENTS). For each patch I enclose 10¢ and one Carnation Malted Milk label.

NAME _____ (Please print plainly)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____
(Offer expires January 30, 1951, and is limited to U.S.A. only)



WESTERN HERO





WESTERN HERO



TOM MIX

meets
RICOCHET ROSS

THE LAW'S GOING TO PAY
FER BREAKING UP MY GANG!
SAY YORE PRAYERS,
SHERIFFS!

KILLER CURTIS
HAS KILLED MORE
THAN A DOZEN
SHERIFFS ALREADY!

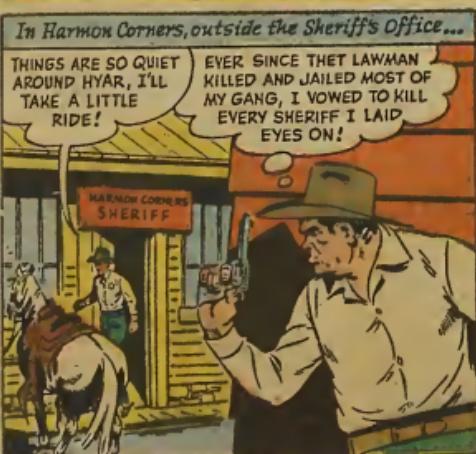


RICOCHET ROSS was a great Western Marshal whom everyone respected, including **TOM MIX** -- although they had never met! Mix looked forward to their first meeting, unaware that it would be on opposite sides of the law!

In Harmon Corners, outside the Sheriff's Office...

THINGS ARE SO QUIET
AROUND HYAR, I'LL
TAKE A LITTLE
RIDE!

EVER SINCE THET LAWMAN
KILLED AND JAILED MOST OF
MY GANG, I VOWED TO KILL
EVERY SHERIFF I LAID
EYES ON!



-- AND THIS MAKES MY TWELFTH!

OOF!

BANG!



WESTERN HERO

Shortly after, at the Marshal's Office...

WE JEST GOT WORD THET ANOTHER SHERIFF'S BEEN KILLED OVER IN HARMON CORNERS! THET MAKES THE TWELFTH IN THE PAST FEW WEEKS! THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT ITS BEING THE WORK OF THE SAME KILLER!

ACCORDING TO THE ROUTE HE'S BEEN TAKING, IT LOOKS AS IF HIS NEXT STOP WILL BE DOBIE!



AND I'M SENDING YUH OVER TO DOBIE TO WORK WITH MIKE SHAW AND TOM MIX! YORE MY BEST MARSHAL, RICOCHET ROSS!

TOM MIX!
I'VE NEVER HAD THE PLEASURE OF MEETING UP WITH HIM!

YO'RE A HANDY MAN WITH A SIX-SHOTTER, ROSS, AND THET RICOCHET SHOT OF YOURS IS THE BEST IN THE COUNTRY!

THANKS, MARSHAL!



IT'D BE SAFER FER YUH TO BE TRAVELING WITHOUT YORE MARSHAL'S BADGE, RICOCHET! WE'LL WIRE MIX TO EXPECT YUH!

THET MAKES SENSE! IT MEANS, I WON'T BE A TARGET FER THET SHERIFF KILLER!

Later, in Dobie...

I JUST GOT WORD FROM THE MARSHAL'S OFFICE, MIKE, THEY'RE SENDING THEIR ACE MAN, RICOCHET ROSS, OVER TO WORK WITH US!

SHERIFF
MIKE SHAW
DOBIE
JAILHOUSE



WESTERN HERO



WESTERN HERO



WESTERN HERO

Shortly after...

MIX MUST BE
WONDERING
WHAT DELAYED
ME!

KNOCK!
KNOCK!

NO NEED TO ASK
WHO YUH ARE!
I'VE BEEN
EXPECTING
YUH, ROSS!
COME RIGHT
IN!

GOSH, I NEVER
OPINED THET
MIX WOULD
LOOK LIKE THIS,
BUT I GUESS
LOOKS ARE
DECEIVING!

YUH DIDN'T GIT HYAR A MINUTE
TOO SOON, RICOCHET! I JEST
GOT WORD THET THE
KILLER WAS SPOTTED
IN THE HILLS!

GOOD! LET'S
GIT RIGHT
AFTER HIM,
MIX!

I CAN'T JOIN YUH!
I'VE GOT A BAD
LEG! BUT HYAR'S
A PICTURE OF
THE KILLER!

THAT'S MORE THAN WE HAD
TO WORK ON AT THE MARSHAL'S
OFFICE! I CAN SEE WHY
YUH'VE EARNED YORE
REPUTATION, MIX!

HE WAS SIGHTED UP IN THE
HILLS, NEAR THE ROCKS!
IF YUH HURRY, MAYBE
YUH'LL STILL FIND
HIM THAR!

YUH SEEM TO BE GITTIN'
MORE DONE WITH A BAD
LEG, MIX, THAN MOST
SHERIFFS WITH TWO
GOOD ONES!
SO LONG!

Shortly after, in the hills...

I'VE SEARCHED AROUND
MOST OF THESE ROCK
FORMATION, BUT
I HAVEN'T SEEN
A SIGN OF
HIM YET!

DOBIE!

IT'S POSSIBLE
THAT HE RODE
ON PAST
DOBIE!

REACH FOR
THE SKY!

WESTERN HERO

I SAID,
REACH,
PARDNER!

BANG!

ZZZIPPY!

THIS ROCK FORMATION
SHOULD PROTECT ME TILL
I HAVE TIME TO REACH
FOR MY SIX-SHOOTER!



BANG!

ZZZINGG!

WHEW! THAT
RICOCHET SHOT
ALMOST GOT
ME!



BANG!

KAPOW!

ANOTHER
RICOCHET SHOT!
I'VE NEVER SEEN
SUCH SHOOTING!

THAT SECOND SHOT WAS NO
ACCIDENT! THERE'S ONLY ONE
MAN IN THE WHOLE WEST
WHO CAN SHOOT THAT WAY
AND THAT'S THE FEDERAL
MARSHAL, RICOCHET
ROSS!

I DON'T HAVE THE FAINTEST
IDEA WHY HE SHOULD BE
USING ME FOR TARGET
PRACTICE, BUT THE ONLY
WAY TO FIND OUT, WITHOUT
BEING KILLED, IS TO
LEAVE MY
HAT HERE!





WESTERN HERO





READ THE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF TOM MIX IN HIS OWN MAGAZINE **TOM MIX WESTERN** AND IN **MASTER COMICS** AND IN **WESTERN HERO**!

TOM MIX IS ON THE AIR!

BROADCAST FROM COAST TO COAST OVER THE MUTUAL NETWORK, MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY AT 5:30 P.M.

DYNAMIC ACTION
WITH YOUR FAVORITE
WESTERN-COMICS HERO

HEEL AND TOE AND STRUT YER STUFF-
NOW SASHAY AND GET READY TO...

WUFF!!

DON'T BE DISCOURAGED RISE AN'
SHINE-THERE'S ANOTHER
KIND OF SQUARE- SO
DON'T RECLINE!

HELP YOURSELVES, THIS STEP IS NEAT-
SQUARE DUBBLE BUBBLE KEEPS A
FELLOW ON HIS FEET!

THE BIGGEST BUBBLE YOU'LL GET FOR A
PENNY- DON'T LOOK FOR BETTER, YOU
WON'T GET ANY!

BIGGERN
BETTER
BUBBLES-

PRICE-
A PENNY
A PIECE.

AN' THE
SQUARE WRAP
KEEPS THE
FUNNIES
FLAT..

1¢

FRANK H. FLEER, CORP.
PHILADELPHIA 41, PENNA.

TENDERFOOT
TED

(GROAN) LOOK WHO'S COMING,
TENDERFOOT TED, THE SILLIEST
EASTERNER ON THIS WHOLE
DUDE RANCH!

HELLO, BOGGS! NICE DAY,
ISN'T IT----IF IT DOESN'T
RAIN!

(GASP) LOOK! OF ALL
THE AMAZING THINGS?

HUH?

WHAT'S SO AMAZING
'BOUT THAT
CRITTER?
IT'S JUST
A ZEBRA!

WHAT'S
SO
AMAZING?
WHY, I'VE
NEVER
SEEN...

...A HORSE WITH
VENETIAN BLINDS
BEFORE!

!!

TROUBLE at GHOST-TOWN!

ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" ADVENTURE

ONE DAY OUT WEST, THE BOYS AND I WERE EXPLORING A MYSTERIOUS OLD GHOST-TOWN NEAR ROCK CITY WHEN SUDDENLY...

JIM -- THAT PLANE! IT'S GOING TO CRASH!



C'MON, BOYS -- WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT PILOT OUT BEFORE THE WHOLE PLANE'S IN FLAMES!



MUST GET SERUM-- TO HOSPITAL-- ROCK CITY-- DYING CHILD-- I'LL GET THAT SERUM TO THE HOSPITAL, JIM -- IF I HAVE TO RUN ALL THE WAY!



PHEW! NOT FAR TO GO NOW -- I'M SURE GLAD JIM TOLD ME ABOUT "P-F" S!



WHAT JIM TOLD BOB ABOUT "P-F": HERE'S WHY "P-F" GIVES YOU MORE SPEED, MORE ENERGY AND REAL FOOT COMFORT:

1. THE ALL IMPORTANT "P-F" RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FEET IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION -- HELPS PREVENT FOOT STRAIN.



* TRADE MARK

2. SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION
"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION

SOON...
LOOK -- BOB'S BACK ALREADY! HE REALLY MUST HAVE SET A NEW SPEED RECORD!



GEE, I HOPE THAT PILOT WILL BE ALL RIGHT!



HE WILL, AND -- BOB, SO WILL THAT CHILD IN THE HOSPITAL -- THANKS TO YOUR SPEED IN GETTING THE SERUM TO US!

WELL, FELLAS -- BOB'S "P-F" SURE HELPED HIM PLENTY!

FOR EXTRA SPEED ENERGY AND COMFORT, INSIST ON "P-F" CANVAS SHOES. GET YOUR "P-F" S TODAY!



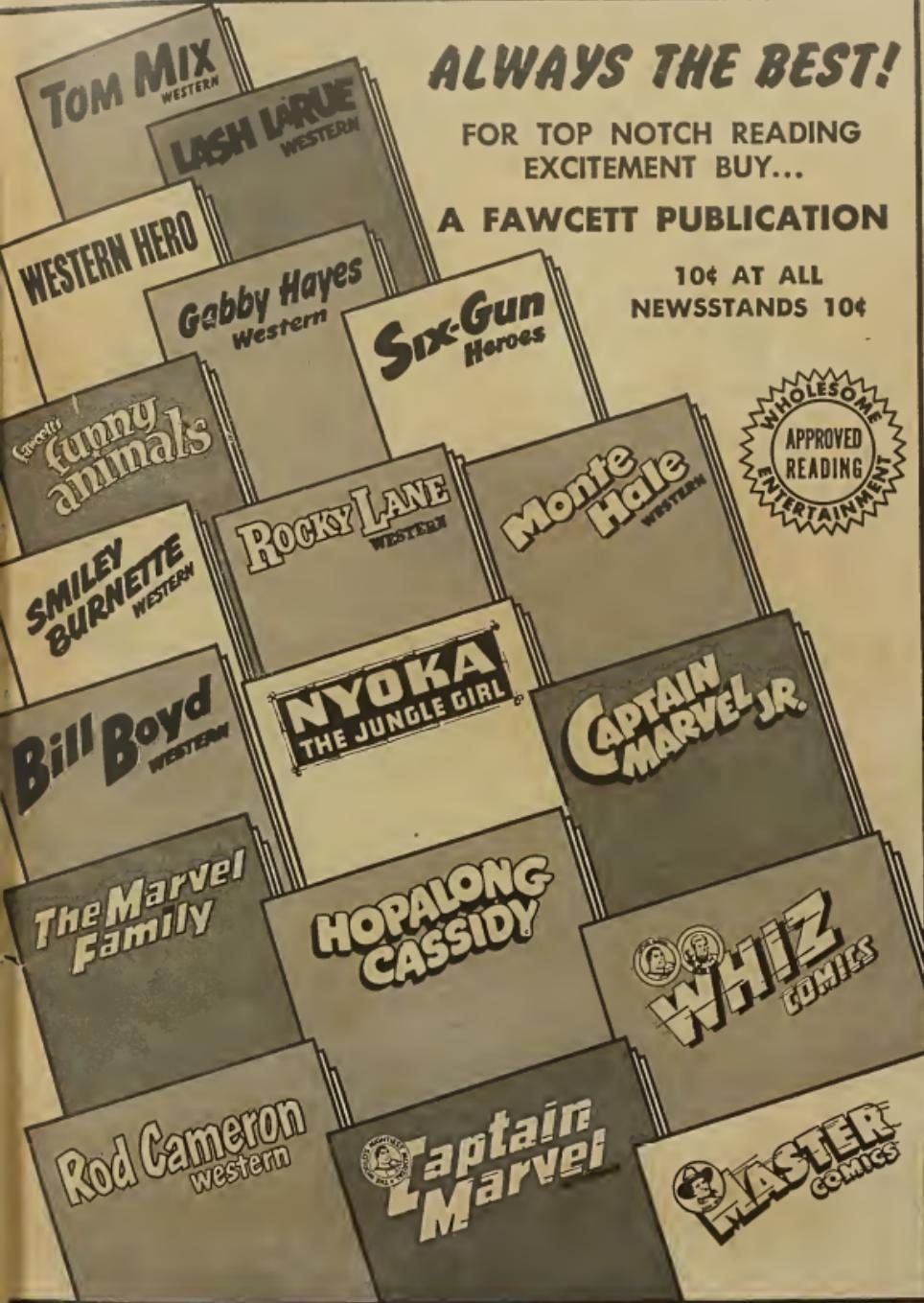
"P-F" CANVAS SHOES
MADE ONLY BY
B.F. Goodrich AND Hood Rubber Co.

ALWAYS THE BEST!

FOR TOP NOTCH READING
EXCITEMENT BUY...

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

10¢ AT ALL
NEWSSTANDS 10¢



HEY GANG!

LET'S BUILD THESE
ELECTRIC MOTOR POWERED
MODELS! IT'S EASY WITH
MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED
FULL SIZE PLANS!

BUICK CONVERTIBLE

Here's your chance to make this accurate 13-inch Buick model complete with seats and white wall tires! Powered with a little electric motor connected to flashlight batteries in the body, you can steer this model in any direction or make it go straight. And these full size plans are so easy to follow that even if you've never built a model you can make this snappy model. Plans cost only 25 cents, postpaid. Order Plan No. 397.



CHEVROLET

Here's a 10-inch balsa model of the world's most popular automobile—the Chevrolet Fleetline. Also powered with a battery-driven motor, this "Chevy" looks just like the real car. Building from these accurate full size plans is as easy as ABC. Plans cost only 25 cents. Send for your set today. Order Plan No. 407.

HOW TO ORDER: Send 25 cents for each plan to **MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED** Plans Service, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Please order by name of plan and the number